

WINTER  
ISSUE  
No. 36

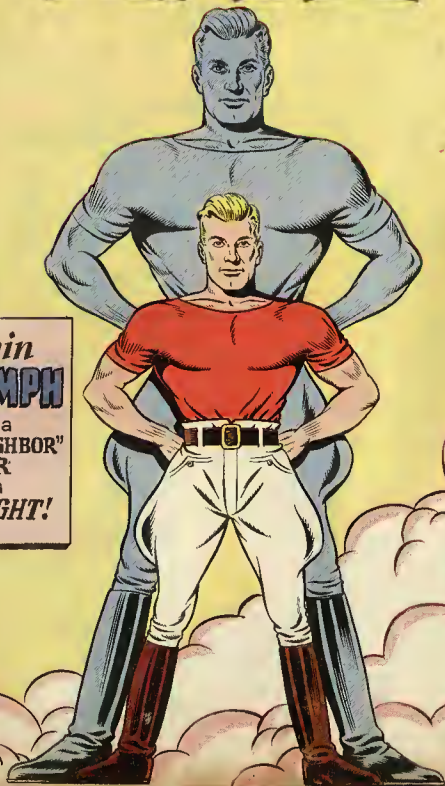
# CRACK COMICS

10¢



*Captain*  
**TRIUMPH**

turns a  
"GOOD NEIGHBOR"  
TOUR  
into a  
**GOOD FIGHT!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# "Make Me Prove ... I CAN MAKE YOU COULD AND -TOUGH

inside and out ... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says *George F. Jowett*  
whom experts call the  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British  
larger than the rest of the world. They are also famous in their own  
right. Add to this the fact of your own bodybuilding. Add to  
this the fact of your own bodybuilding. Add to this the fact of your  
own bodybuilding. Add to this the fact of your own bodybuilding.

## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which  
I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck. The doctors condemned  
me to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any  
other living athlete or teacher. "Progressive Power" has proven  
its ability to build the strongest, handsomest man in the world.  
And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no  
matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you  
right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring  
to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully  
satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED  
METHODS REBUILD YOU.**

**PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT**  
Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A  
Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength  
that will surge through your muscles!

## READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



**A. PASSANOMY**, Small-framed  
gymnast who won America's  
first prize winner for Physical  
Perfection.



**REX FERRIS**, Champion  
Jowett athlete of South Africa.  
Heir to the "I can do anything  
Jowett can do" motto. Look at his  
chest—there's another sign of  
the Jowett Course!

## JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of  
weightlifters to muscular power. Packed with  
photos of miracle men of might and muscle  
who started perhaps weaker than you are.  
Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in  
strength that inspired his pupils to follow  
him. They'll show you the best way to  
might and muscle. Send for this FREE  
gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS  
STRONG MEN.



## BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
NOW IN BOOK FORM  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-  
building courses, are available in book  
form to all readers of this publication  
at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5  
for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your  
family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically  
fit now! Start as one to improve your physique by  
following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-  
building!

## 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books  
for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for  
25c. If you're not delighted with these famous  
muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL  
results within ONE WEEK, send them back and  
your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you!  
And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT  
COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of  
the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles  
of Iron."

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 5812 New York 1, N. Y.



## FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture  
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 5812 New York 1, N. Y.  
George F. Jowett: Your apartment looks good to me. Send  
me your mail, address, for further details. I will  
send you a FREE copy of the book "Nerves of Steel, Muscles  
of Iron." I will also send you a FREE copy of the book "How to  
Mould a Mighty Arm." I will also send you a FREE copy of the  
book "How to Mould a Mighty Back." I will also send you a  
FREE copy of the book "How to Mould a Mighty Grip." I will  
also send you a FREE copy of the book "How to Mould a  
Mighty Chest." I will also send you a FREE copy of the book  
"How to Mould a Mighty Neck." I will also send you a FREE  
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NAME ..... Age .....  
Please Print Plainly  
ADDRESS .....

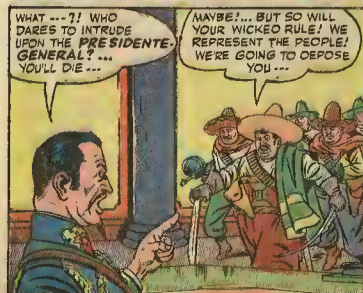
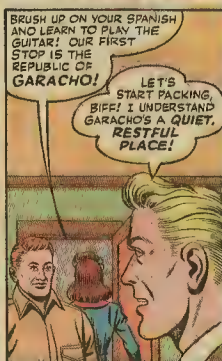
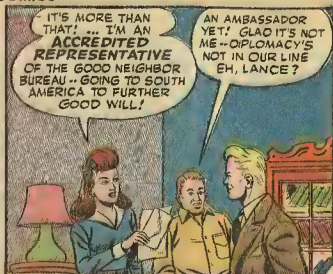
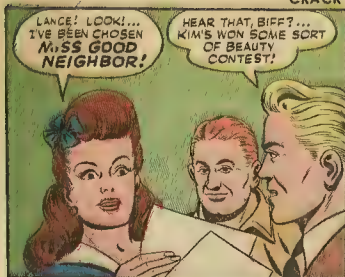
# Captain TRIUMPH

WE ARE WELCOME IN THE HOME OF OUR GOOD NEIGHBORS TO THE SOUTH! BUT SINISTER INFLUENCES SEEK TO CHALLENGE OUR PRESENCE THERE --- AS CAPTAIN TRIUMPH FOUND OUT!



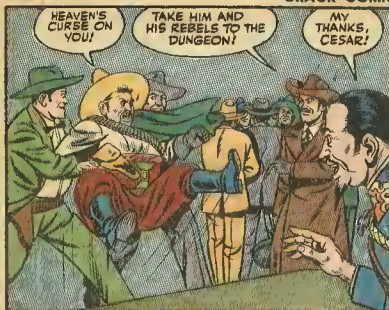
THOUGHTFUL LANCE GALLANT KNOWS HOW TO CALL UP THE GHOST OF HIS DAREDEVIL BROTHER, MICHAEL --- TOGETHER THEY ARE MYSTICALLY COMBINED INTO THE AMAZING **Captain TRIUMPH!**

# CRACK COMICS





# CRACK COMICS



EXTRA! \*\*\* the daily star \*\*\* EXTRA!

THE PAN-AMERICAN MESSENGER

CRISIS AVERTED IN GARACHO!

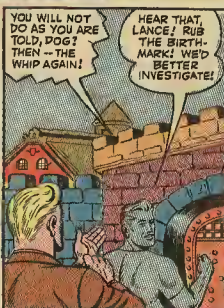
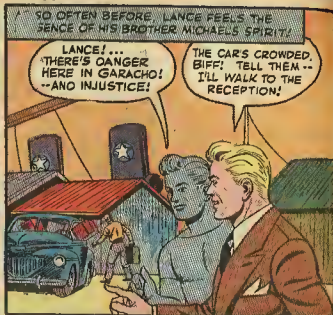
**KILLED BY ASSASSIN**

**HELD FOR TRIAL**

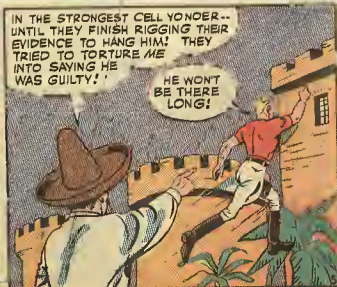
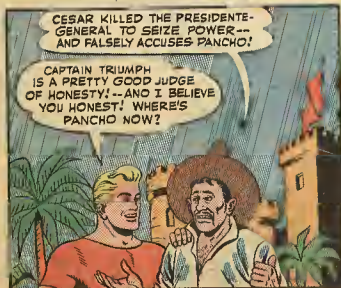
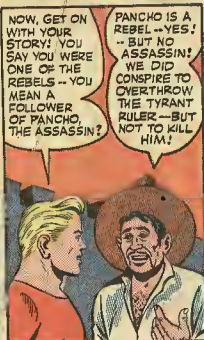
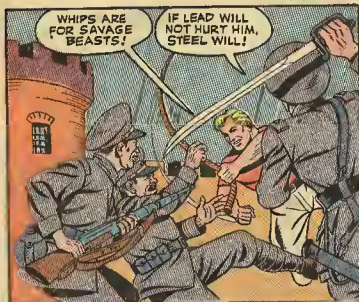
New Presidente-General



# CRACK COMICS

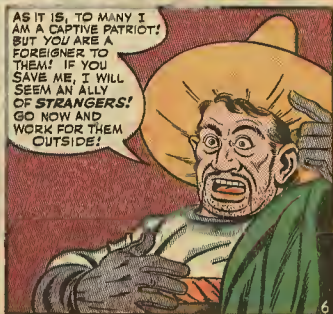
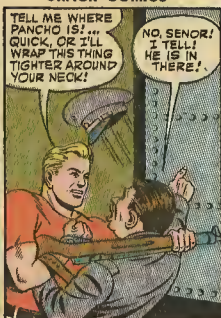


# CRACK COMICS





# CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS

AT THE PALACE OF THE PRESIDENTE-GENERAL...

YOUR EXCELLENCY,  
SEÑORITA KIM --  
THE GOOD NEIGHBOR  
ENVOY!

I KISS HER LOVELY  
HAND! WE HOPE FOR  
MANY MORE SUCH  
CHARMING VISITORS!  
--IF THE UNITED  
STATES CAN BOAST  
THEM!



THIS IS A SIMPLE WELCOME  
TO YOU, SEÑORITA! LATER, I  
WISH TO SPEAK OF  
CERTAIN FINANCIAL  
HELP WE HOPE TO  
GET FROM YOUR  
COUNTRY---

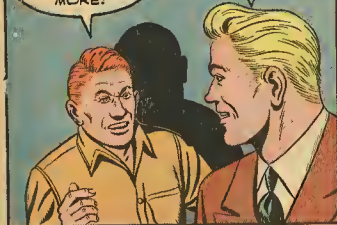
SORRY TO BE  
LATE  
BIFF!

I'M AS  
POPULAR  
AROUND HERE  
AS A CASE  
OF HAY  
FEVER!



LATE OR  
EARLY, WE RATE  
AS KIM'S BAGGAGE-  
MEN -- NO  
MORE!

BUT CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH HAS FOUND  
SOMETHING INTERESTING!  
LISTEN! ...



AFTER LANCE TELLS OF THE  
AFFAIR AT THE PRISON ...

YOU MEAN THIS  
PANCHO CHARACTER  
REFUSED TO LET  
YOU SAVE HIM?  
HE'S READY TO  
DIE?

IF HE CAN  
HELP HIS COUNTRY  
BY DYING, YES! ...  
YOU SEE, DOWN HERE  
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH  
ISN'T A PUBLIC HERO  
LIKE AT HOME -- ONLY  
A FOREIGN  
BUTTINSKY!



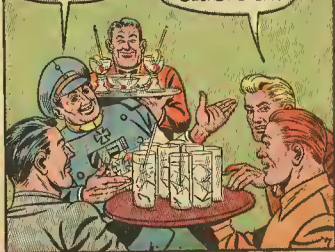
THE PEOPLE HERE  
ARE SIMPLE --  
EASILY FOOLED! WE  
MUST PROVE CESAR'S  
CRIME FIRST, THEN  
SMASH HIM!

AH, SI, HERE  
THEY ARE -- THE  
SERVANTS OF  
SEÑORITA  
KIM!



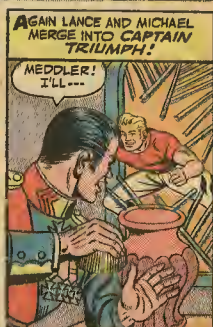
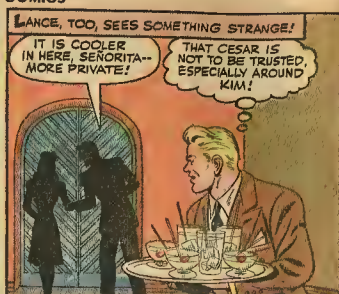
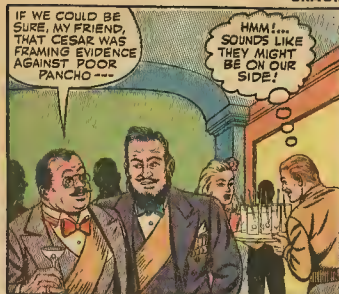
HELP SERVE  
REFRESHMENTS!

GD THROUGH WITH IT,  
BIFF! AND KEEP YOUR  
EARS OPEN FOR ANY  
SECRET STUFF!

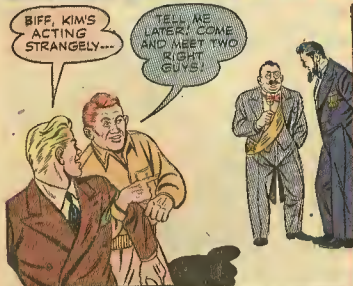




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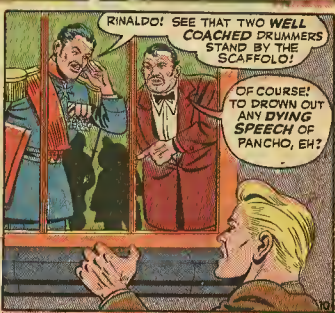
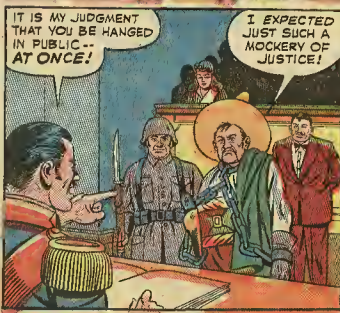
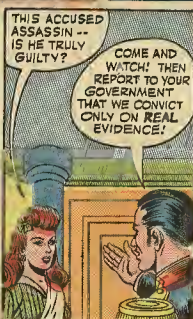
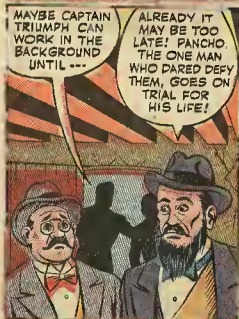
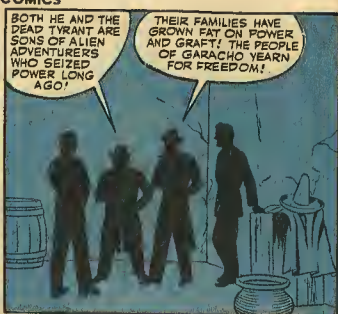


# CRACK COMICS





# CRACK COMICS



# CRACK COMICS

YET AGAIN **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH** IS ON THE SCENE!

WITH PANCHO DEAD, HIS FOLLOWERS WILL SCATTER! IT WILL BE LONG BEFORE ANOTHER REBELLION THREATENS!



WELL, RINALDO! HOW ABOUT TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT ASSASSINATION? PANCHO SAYS YOU DID IT!

DIABLO! FLYING FIEND! LET ME DOWN!



LET YOU DOWN? OF COURSE, RINALDO!

I'LL BE CRUSHED-- WITH ALL MY SINS! LET ME CONFESS THEM!



I KILLED THE PRESIDENTE- GENERAL SO THAT CESAR COULD GET POWER! I DARE NOT DIE WITH THAT ON MY CONSCIENCE!

THAT'S OBLIGING OF YOU!-



HERE COME SOME FRIENDS OF MINE TO HEAR YOU REPEAT THAT!



HE'S A LITTLE GROGGY, BUT HE'LL SAY HIS PIECE AT THE PROPER TIME! COME ON, BIFF!-- WE HAVE A LITTLE MASQUERADE TO PLAY!



Meanwhile AT THE PRISON...

OUTSIDE, DOG! THE PEOPLE OF GARACHO GATHER TO SEE YOU DIE!

THEN THEY WILL SEE THE DEATH OF A FRIEND! LEAD ON!





# CRACK COMICS



AH, RINALDO'S DRUMMERS! STAND HERE! IF I SIGNAL, BEAT THOSE DRUMS HARD!

SI SEÑOR!

PEOPLE OF GARACHO! YOU WILL SHORTLY SEE THE PUNISHMENT OF A TRAITOR AND MURDERER!

YES! BUT NOT PANCHO- HE IS INNOCENT!



UP YOU SCOUNDREL! REPEAT YOUR CONFESSION!

SI! SI! IF ONLY THE FLYING DEVIL SPARES ME!

THE ACCUSATION IS FALSE! PANCHO SOUGHT ONLY TO FREE GARACHO! I KILLED THE PRESIDENTE-GENERAL --AT THE ORDERS OF CESAR!

MADMAN! YOU WILL DESTROY US ALL!



HE HAS BEEN BRIBED TO TELL LIES!

SO? THEN WHY DOES HE CONFESS THE MURDER HIMSELF?

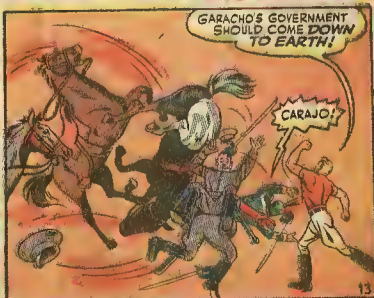
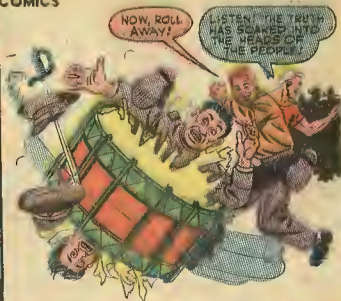
THE FALSE TYRANTS MAKE A MARTYR OF PANCHO!



DROWN OUT RINALDO'S CONFESSION, YOU FOOLS!

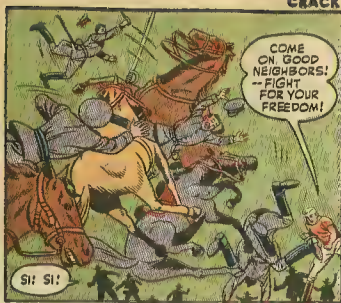
YES, USE THOSE DRUMS!

CRACK COMICS





# CRACK COMICS



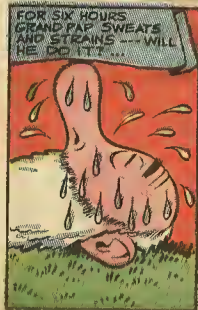
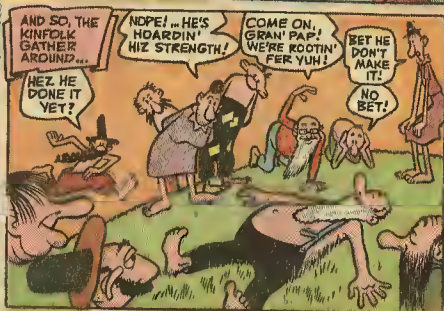
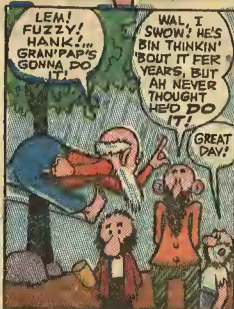
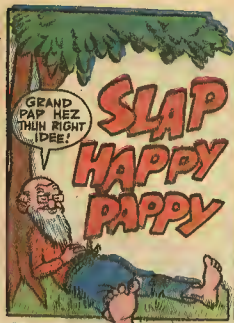
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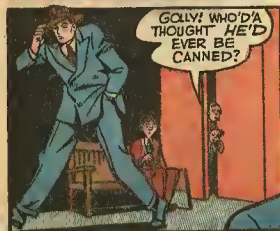
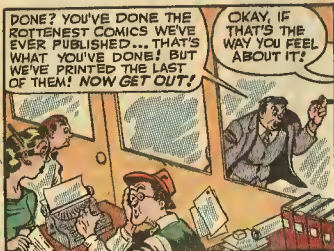
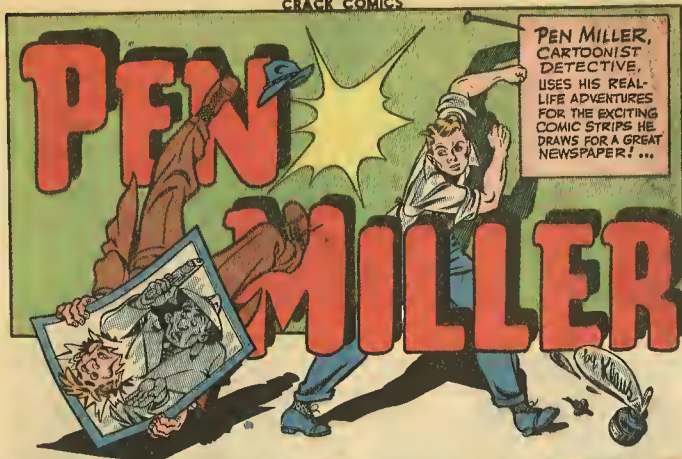


WHILE GARACHO CELEBRATES...









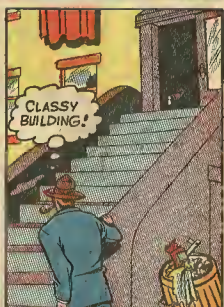
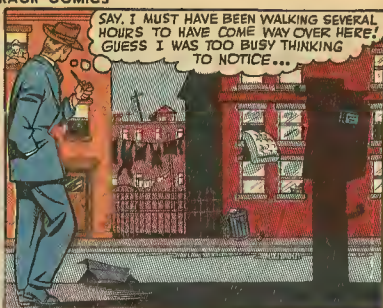
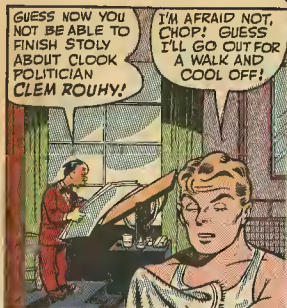
THERE'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU, CHOP! AFTER ALL THE SCOOPS I'VE GIVEN THAT PAPER, TOO!

HE STILL THINK YOUR COMIC STIP BEST IN WHOLE WORLD, MISTA MILLER!

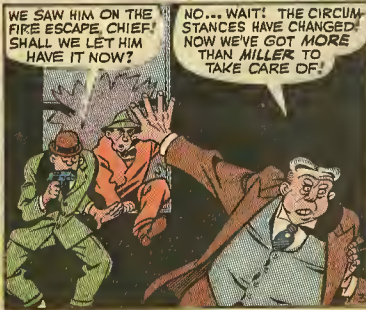




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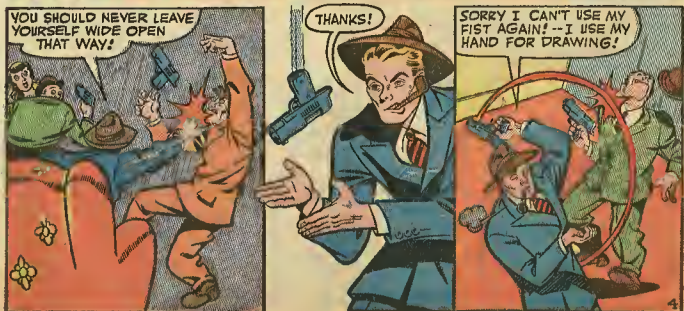
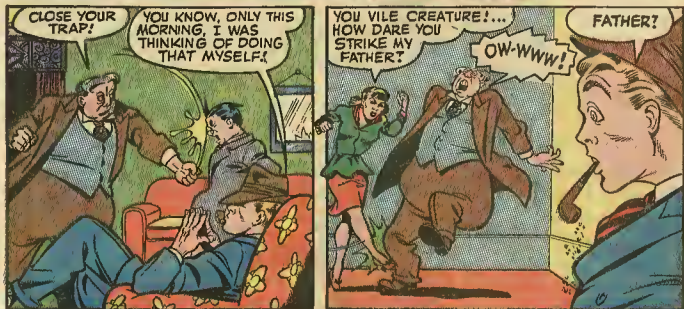
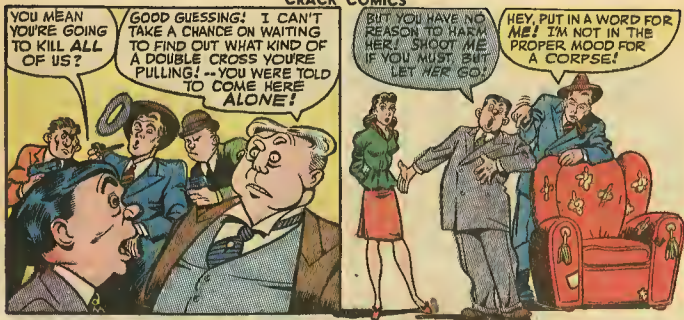


CRACK COMICS





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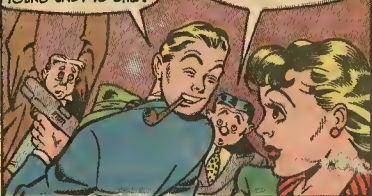
# CRACK COMICS

A GUY IN A CIRCUS ONCE TAUGHT ME THIS TRICK... AND ALL I DID WAS DRAW HIS PICTURE IN RETURN...



NOW SUPPOSE WE ALL HAVE A NICE, QUIET CHAT! AM I TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOU, MY ESTEEMED EX-EMPLOYER, HAVE A DAUGHTER AND THAT THIS CHARMING YOUNG LADY IS SHE?

THAT'S RIGHT, PEN! I'M SORRY FOR THE WAY THINGS TURNED OUT... YOU SEE ROUHY HAD ME IN A SPOT... HE KIDNAPPED ANNE AS SOON AS SHE ARRIVED FROM SCHOOL!



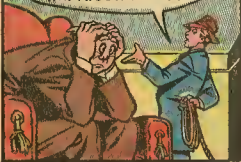
I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH COURAGE TO BUCK HIM WHEN HE SAID HE'D KILL HER UNLESS I FIRED YOU AND STOPPED YOUR STRIP! I HAD TO DO IT, PEN! SHE'S ALL I HAVE!

WELL, IT'S NICE TO KNOW YOU CAN BE SENTIMENTAL ABOUT **SOME-BODY!** BUT DON'T FEEL TOO BADLY!... THIS HAS DEVELOPED BEAUTIFULLY!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



DON'T YOU SEE? IT GIVES ME THE PERFECT ENDING FOR THE STRIP ABOUT CLEM ROUHY AND, INCIDENTALLY, FOR ROUHY HIMSELF! UP TO NOW I COULD ONLY **HINT** AT HIS CRIMES... NOW WE HAVE HIM COLD ON A KIDNAPPING RAP... AND THAT MEANS AT LEAST **LIFE IMPRISONMENT!**



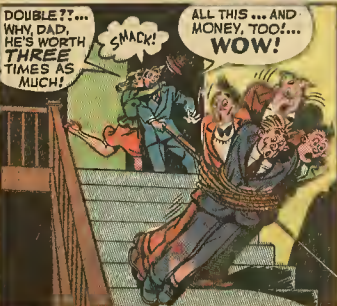
WE'LL FIND A COP OUTSIDE! TALLY HO!

PEN, IF YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THIS MORNING... WE CAN EXTEND YOUR CONTRACT AS LONG AS YOU LIKE... AND DOUBLE YOUR ROYALTIES!



DOUBLE??... WHY, DAD, HE'S WORTH **THREE** TIMES AS MUCH!

SMACK! ALL THIS ... AND MONEY, TOO!... **WOW!**





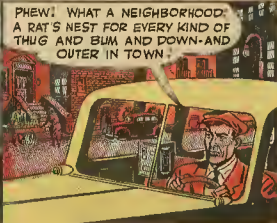
# HACK O'HARA



Jack Alderman

**RECIPE FOR EXCITEMENT:** MIX HACK O'HARA, NEW YORK'S TOUGHEST CABBY, WITH THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK'S TOUGHEST DISTRICT! ADD ONE KILL-CRAZY GUNMAN -- PAPA ANZONETTI, WHO WANTED TO KISS HACK -- ONE CROSS-EYED PRINTER -- ONE SLIVER OF TIN WORTH \$25,000!!! ... THEN SIT BACK AND WATCH HACK O'HARA UNRAVEL THE BLOODY "RIDDLE OF THE LUCKY LICENSE"!!!

HACK  
TAKES  
A SHORT-  
CUT  
ROUGH  
NEW YORK'S  
LOWER  
EAST  
SIDE...



TAKE THAT LUG, FOR  
INSTANCE! IF HE  
ISN'T A SMALL-TIME  
GUNMAN, I'LL EAT  
MY SHIRT!



CRACK COMICS





CRACK COMICS

HALP! SOMEBODY  
GET ME OUTA THIS  
NUT HOUSE!

WE KEEP-A HIM HERE!  
ANGELO, YOU RUN-A  
QUICK, FIND-A MEESTER  
FINK! TELL-A HIM  
BRING-A DA MONEY  
IN-A CASH!



FOR THE LAST  
TIME BEFORE I  
GET SORE--WHAT  
IS ALL THIS  
ABOUT?

HO-HO-HO!  
YOU HEAR-A  
DAT, MAMMA?  
HE DON'TA KNOW  
WHAT'S-A DIS  
ALL ABOUT!

JUST-A  
LIKE  
SANTY  
CLAUS!



IT'S-A SIMPLE! I  
GOT-A DA TICKET--  
YOU GOT-A DA NUMBER--  
DA ANZONETTIS GET-A  
RICH NOW PRETTY  
QUICK!

SIMPLE --  
LIKE THE  
EINSTEIN  
THEORY!



I BUY-A DA TICKET  
IN-A DA LOTTERY!  
YOU COME-A ... I  
WIN-A!

FOR TH...!! THAT'S MY TAXI  
LICENSE NUMBER! YOU  
MEAN IT'S A NUMBERS  
GAME WHERE YOU WIN  
FOR FINDING THAT  
LICENSE NUMBER?



SURE! TWENTY-FI  
THOUSAND-A DOLLAR  
WE WIN-A! HERE-A  
COME ANGELO WIT-A  
DA NICE-A MEESTER  
FINK TO PAY-A DA  
CASH!

WHY DIDN'T  
YOU SAY SO?  
IF IT MEANS  
HELPING YOU  
COLLECT, I'M  
GLAD TO STAY!



COME-A IN, MEESTER  
FINK! HERE'S-A ---

YOU!

YOU!



EEEEOW!!  
I'VE BEEN  
PEARL-  
HARBORED!

STOP-A HIM! HE'S-A  
SHOOT-A OUR  
SANTY CLAUS!



I'M GETTING TIRED  
OF BEING SHOT AT  
BY TOTAL  
STRANGERS!

ANGELO! TONY!  
LUIGI! GRAB-A  
DA GUN!

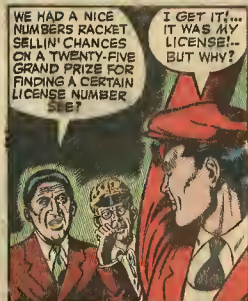


# CRACK COMICS





# CRACK COMICS



# CRACK COMICS



STAND STILL, YOU APES, SO I CAN PLUG HIM!

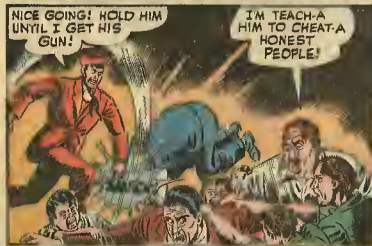
D-DO Y-YOU THINK I ASKEO FER D-DIS MERRY GO-ROUND R-RIDE?



AT THAT MOMENT...

YIIKE!! LEMME OUTA HERE!

SO!...YOU CHEAT-A US! TRY TO KILL-A OUR SANTY CLAUS-A MAN!



NICE GOING! HOLD HIM UNTIL I GET HIS GUN!

I'M TEACH-A HIM TO CHEAT-A HONEST PEOPLE!



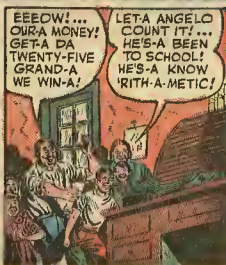
LEGGO THAT GUN, YOU HAM HOOLIGAN!

I MAKE-A HIM LET-A GO! MARIA, MAKE-A HIM LET-A GO!



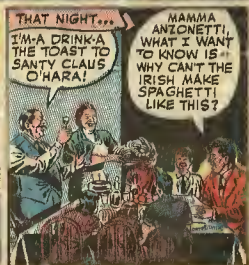
OOPS! THAT'S SERVICE!

SEE? SHE'S NO LIKE-A CROOKS, EITHER!



EEEOW!... OUR-A MONEY! GET-A DA TWENTY-FIVE GRAND-A WE WIN-A!

LETA ANGELO COUNT IT!... HE'S-A BEEN TO SCHOOL! HE'S-A KNOW 'RITH-A-METIC!

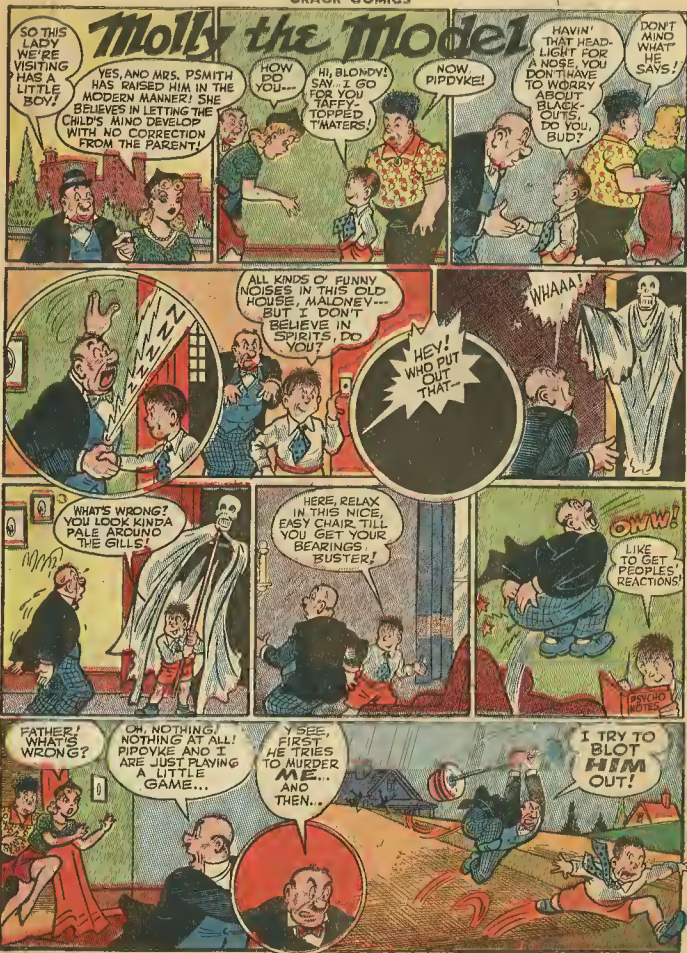


THAT NIGHT...

I'M-A DRINK-A THE TOAST TO SANTY CLAUS O'HARA!

MAMMA ANZONETTI, WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY CAN'T THE IRISH MAKE SPAGHETTI LIKE THIS?



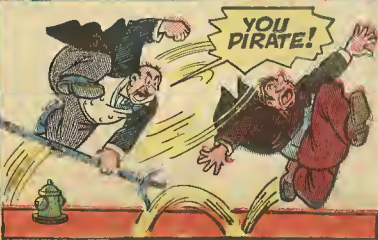
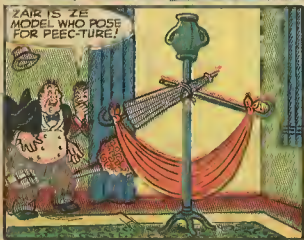
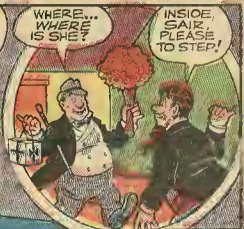
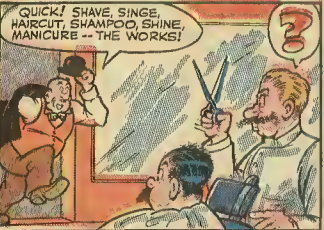
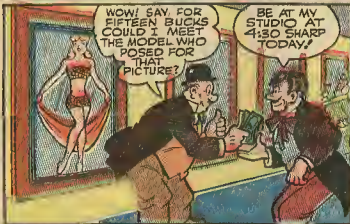


I HEARD THERE WERE SOME SWELL PICTURES ON SALE HERE VERY CHEAP!

# Molly the



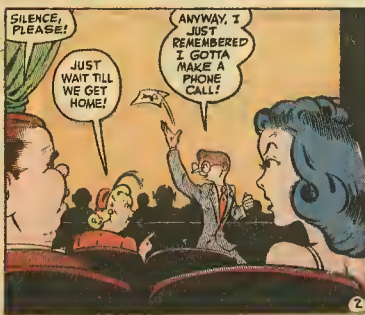
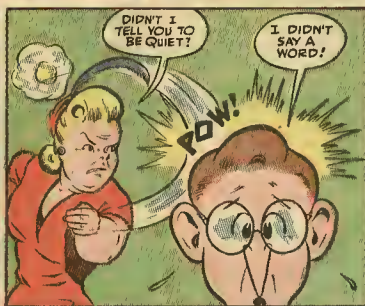
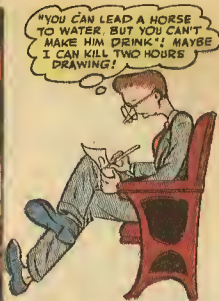
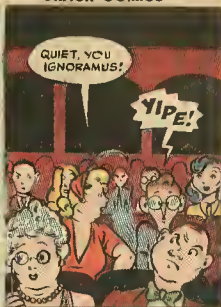
# Model





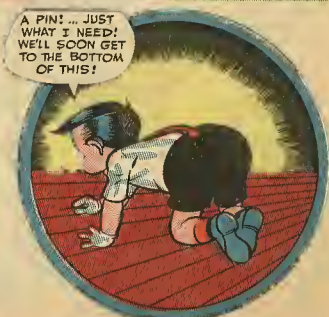
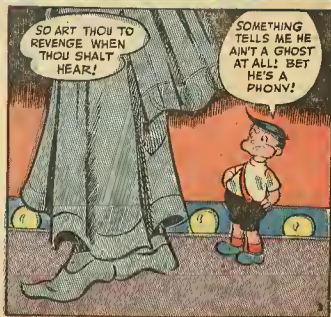
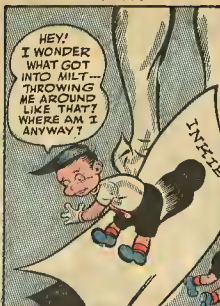


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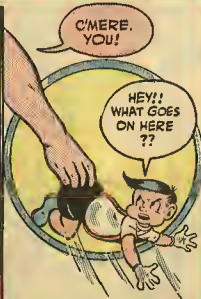
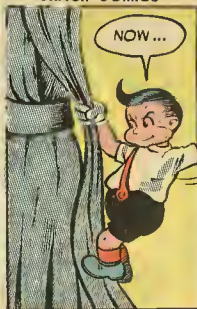




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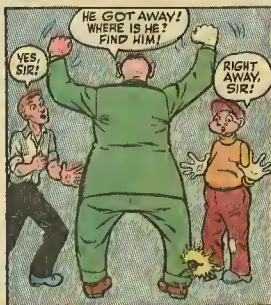


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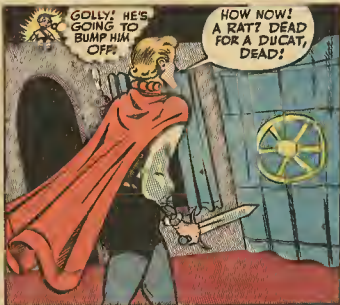
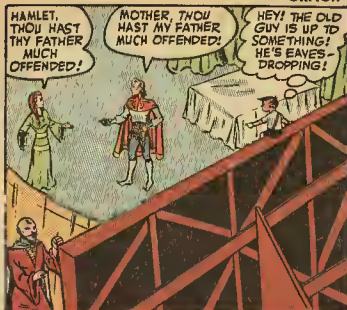




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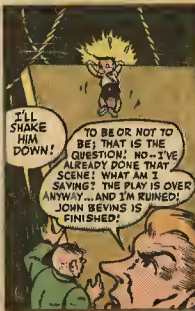
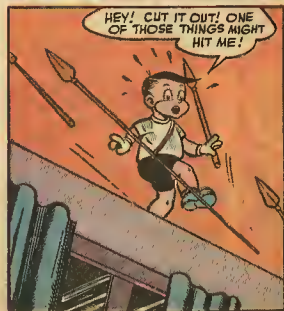
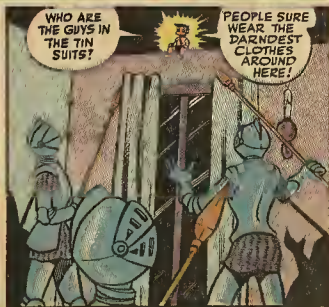
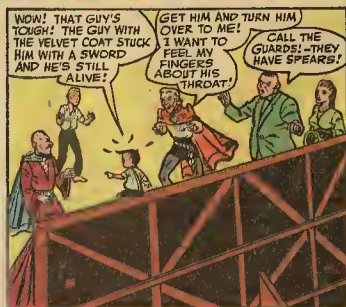


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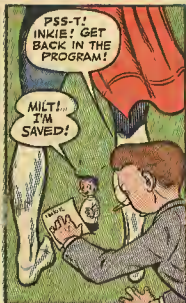
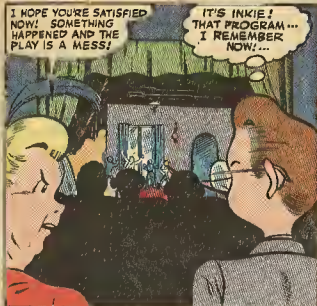




CRACK COMICS



# CRACK COMICS





# The WHIRLING DERVISH

**Y**OU are not required to travel far along the Burma Road before running into strange things. And many strange people. A lot of the little yellow imps are stationed along The Road these days, but the Allies are making short work of them.

Burma is famous for many reasons. Kipling made its Mandalay a sbrine in English poetry. But it is famous too for its teak, its mabogany, its elephants who are noted for their great strength, its Burmese warriors.

Eric Vale found Burma extremely interesting. Attached to an American force, he was a member of the Intelligence. Eric didn't like to think of Burma in the hands of the Japs. He didn't like to think of French Indo-China in their hands, either; or Thailand.

Eric had been stationed in many fighting sectors, from the South Pacific to Africa to Sicily to China, and now here in Burma. He liked Burma the best. He liked it for its dark history, its dark secrets, its darker intrigue. He anticipated many thrilling adventures in this thrilling land. There were many thrilling characters in the place.

Take old Gudj the Parsee for instance. He had been a renegade fighting against the British for many years, but when the Japs came he threw in on the right side, and many are the traps he laid for the hated yellow bellies.

There was Major Oxley-

Bennet, the British army man who had had experience in a dozen foreign lands. He had been a member of the French Foreign Legion and deserted, only to be captured and stood before a firing squad. Someone in the Foreign Office had got him off. He had seen service in the Boer War, in the Russian campaign, in the Boxer trouble and the World War. Now he was in again, and going strong. There was Santee, the ex-cowboy from Arizona, who made a hobby of roping Japs from the back of a tiny Afghan mountain pony, much to the edification of the native populace, who thought him a wild man. Santee had a collection of Jap heads, or so the story went; but Eric had never seen the grisly collection.

And there was the huge Russian Georgian who loved nothing better than a hand-to-hand encounter with any number of Japs. The latter cried out in terror at sight of this monstrous fighting man who disdained their bullets, and who miraculously came through every engagement without a nick.

Yes, Burma was full of extraordinary things. And perhaps strangest of all was the Whirling Dervish. . . .

Things were quiet on the evening of the 16th. That day three thousand Americans had dropped in via parachute and there had been quite a get-together; many of the newcomers had friends and relatives

among those already stationed in Burma. The day had been blistering hot, and the night promised little in the way of cool breezes, for which Burma is notoriously lacking.

Eric was stretched out on a low camp cot just outside the tent he occupied with Midley, a young Signal Corps officer. They had been watching the antics of the Whirling Dervish, who had been spinning in graceful whirl and gyrations before the newcomers for a half hour prior to sunset. This dervish, it must be explained, was something of an enigma. He had attached himself to the company soon after its occupation in that sector, but the reason for his doing so was impossible to discover. The aged man was tongueless, and it was thought also deaf. He lived by obtaining ~~arms~~ from the soldiers.

Eric used to ponder the strange, lonely life of this weird Indian, who could neither talk nor hear. Did he find happiness in merely expressing his love for his strange god through his uncanny convulsions? Did he have friends or relatives anywhere? How old was he? From whence did he come?

The old dervish put on a great show that afternoon for the new arrivals, and during it an American sentry shot a Jap sniper out of a tree a few hundred yards away from the camp. He reported that a second one got away.

No one thought anything about it until later that night.

## CRACK COMICS

The three thousand new soldiers had been stationed in a secret valley about five miles away from Eric's camp, in a spot where it was thought that no Japs could approach. About midnight, however, three Jap bombers roared over the valley and dropped their lethal loads smack in the middle of the camp. The damage was luckily slight, only because the soldiers' temporary harracks had been thrown up around the sides of the valley and not in its centre. But how the Japs had caught on so quickly was a subject of much speculation.

Next day the camp was moved fifteen miles into deeper jungle areas. Eric's own force was ordered to move two days later, to a place nine miles farther north, in very rugged country. Here was stationed a small air force, which did scouting and light bombing duties.

No one was aware of it, but the Whirling Dervish appeared that evening as usual and gave one of his impromptu demonstrations of fine balance. What I mean is, no one was aware of the dervish's following the troops. He always kept out of sight and then suddenly appeared at about sundown for his demonstration. Afterward, he would go slinking among the men with a withered arm outstretched and a skinny cupped palm. Those good guys always dumped a few coppers into the leprous receptacle, and the old man would shuffle off, to sleep heaven knows where in the jungle.

What he ate, or where, nobody knew, because he never asked for food. But everyone thought he visited among the Burmese natives during the day. He was never seen about camp during daylight hours.

The night after Eric's company moved north, there was a brush with Jap bombers, and

five Allied planes were strafed beyond repair on the ground. Several men were killed. Again everyone was mystified as to how the Japs had learned so quickly of the presence of the soldiers in the jungle.

Eric had learned, through regular Intelligence channels, that a large force of Japanese were moving toward the general region from the west, and the entire official personnel was in readiness to land one on them. This force, covered by two dozen bombers, set out one morning early, to intercept the enemy.

What was their amazement, however, when they found the pass on which the Japs were supposed to be moving eastward, entirely bare of Japs!

"They must've got wind of our plans somehow," said the C.O. "But I wonder how?"

"Sly devils," said Major Oxley-Bennet. "The longer you know 'em the slyer they seem, too."

Eric Vale was not exactly of that opinion. He had been in contact with Japs for almost two years and had never found them endowed with superhuman powers.

"They're getting information," he told the C.O. "They're getting it from inside, somehow. Japs don't just do these things. I've been watching for the last few days and I'll say that those devils are receiving excellent directions."

That evening again the dervish appeared out of the jungle mists to whirl and spiral along the recently cleared compound. He always took the craziest chances. There were Jap snipers about; any tree might contain one. But if they saw the dervish they never took a shot at him. Of course, the old priest was perfectly harmless.

When the whirls and contortions were finished, the ancient dervish began his rounds of the

tents for his nightly offering. Eric was cleaning an automatic pistol when the old man came up to him. Eric dropped a couple of rupees in the brown wrinkled palm. The dervish trudged away and accidentally Eric fired the pistol into the earth at his feet. With a mighty lunge the dervish leaped five feet off the ground, whirling with the agility of a cat.

Eric laughed, said, "Sorry, W.D. An accident." The old dervish shuffled off, shaking his bald head.

Eric had learned something; the dervish could hear. That shot had frightened him. And suddenly Eric began to suspect the aged priest.

A big drive was in the planning stages. The American and British forces were going to make a push against a concentration about fifteen miles to the south. The matter had been kept mighty hush-hush. Then came the big day. The several companies got under way an hour before dawn. But they didn't go as planned. Eric had, with considerable argument, got the C.O. convinced that they might be running into an ambush. So they marched five miles south, then swung to the west. Then they sent the air force on to the south and began bombing the Jap camp.

It was a mighty good thing that they did. Because the bombs, raining down brought the hundreds of hidden Japs out of cover, revealing that they had lain in wait for the marching Allies. It would have been a slaughter had their plan carried.

Who had tipped them off?

Eric remembered. The dervish had performed a particularly exacting demonstration of whirls the night before. He had told the Japs, by some "whirling" signals, just where the forces would be, and when.



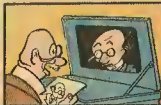
TWISTED TALES



A RADIO RUNT NAMED ADOLPHUS MCZANE WAS AFRAID TELEVISION WOULD RUIN HIS SAME



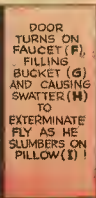
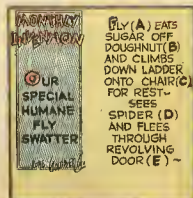
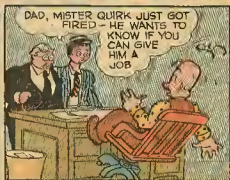
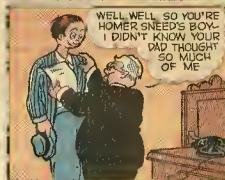
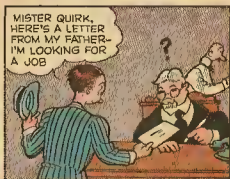
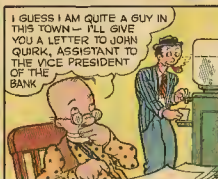
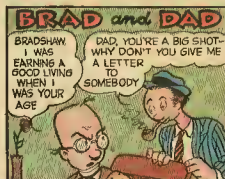
WHILE A FINE-LOOKING CROONER NAMED MEGAPHONE SLATER WAS SURE TELEVISION WOULD MAKE HIM MUCH GREATER!



BUT THE TELEVIEWED SCREEN HELPED THE COURTS RECOGNIZE RUNT MCZANE AS THE HEIR TO A FORTUNE OF SIZE ~



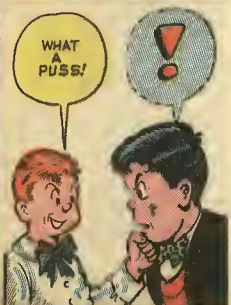
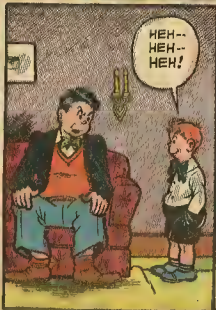
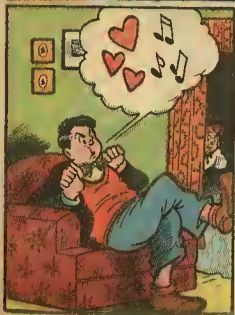
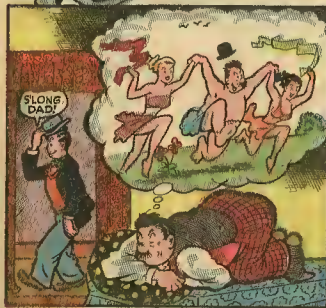
WHILE, WITH SLATER, THE OUTCOME WAS NOT VERY FUNNY - HE WAS SPOTTED BY DOZENS TO WHOM HE OWED MONEY!



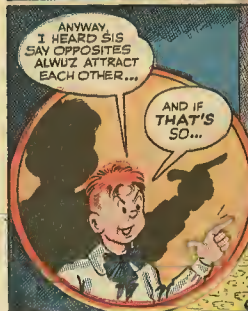
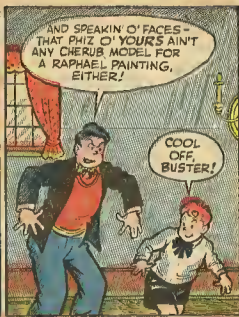
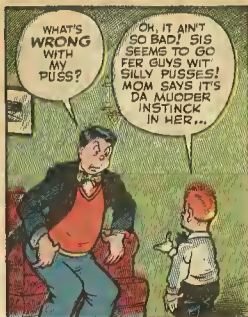


# BEEZY

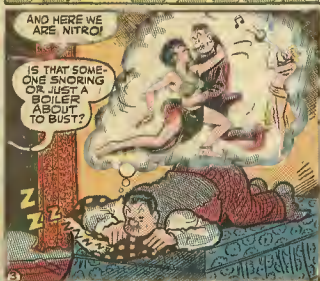
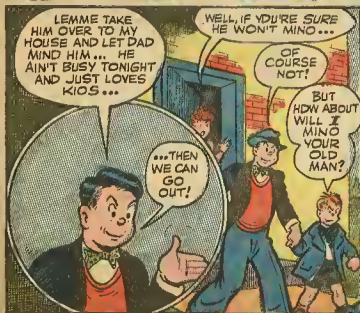
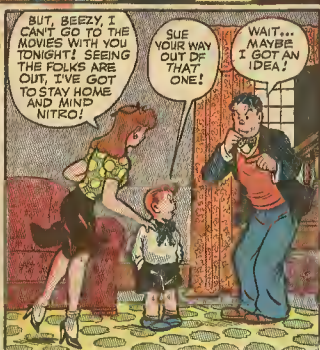
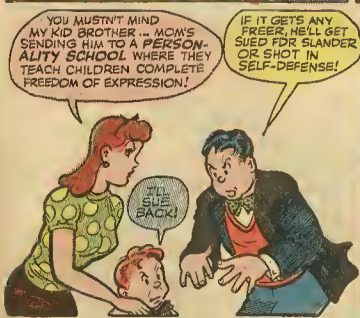
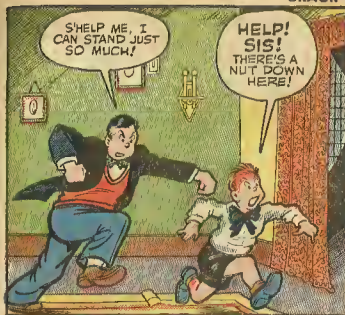
THE IMMORTAL LOVES IN THE LIFE OF BEEZY BUMBLE SEEM TO BE LADIES OF VARIOUS TYPES AND CONNECTIONS... THIS WEEK'S HEART THROB, HOWEVER, HAPPENS TO HAVE A KID BROTHER, OF WHOM, UP TO NOW, BEEZY HAS BEEN IN BLISSFUL IGNORANCE....



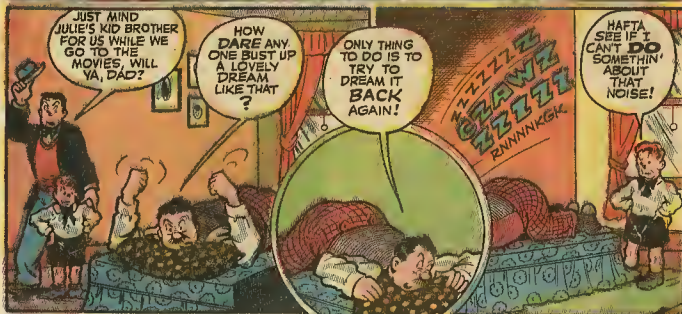
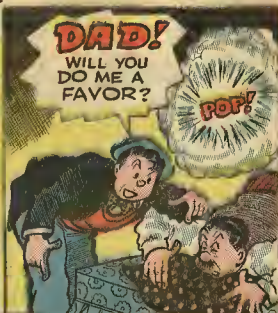
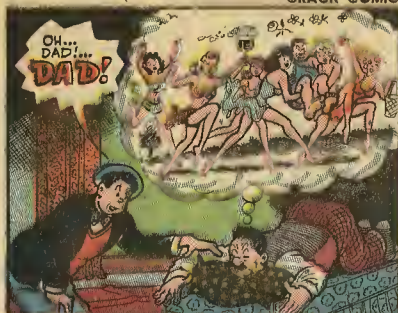
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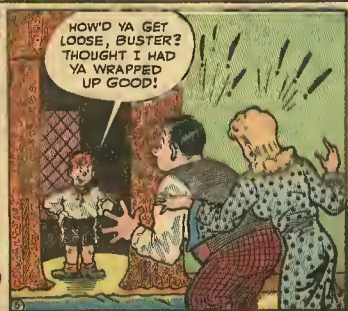
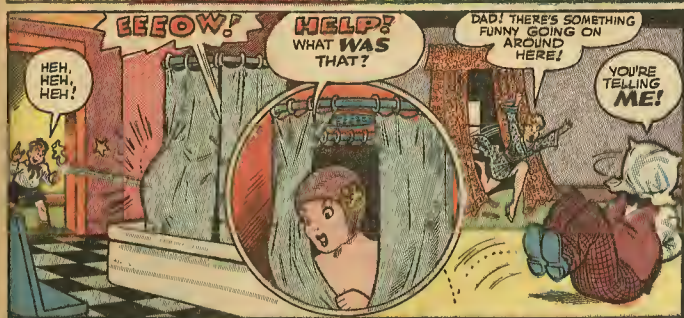
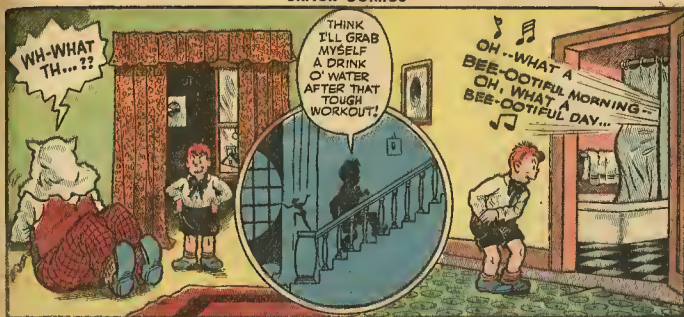
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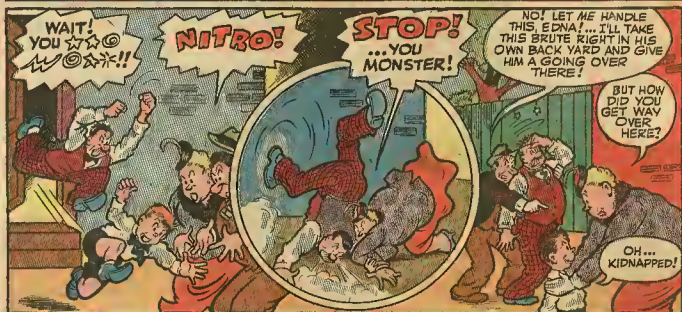




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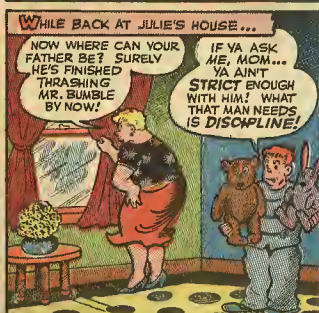
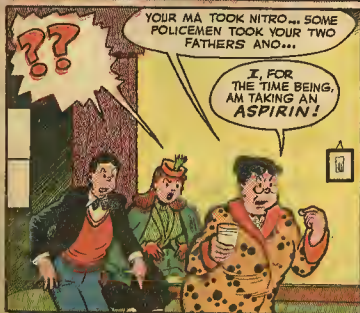
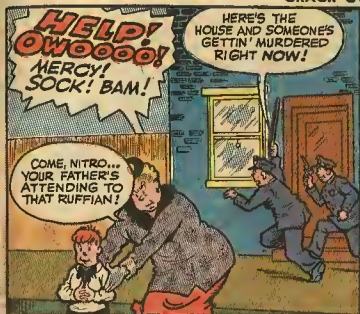


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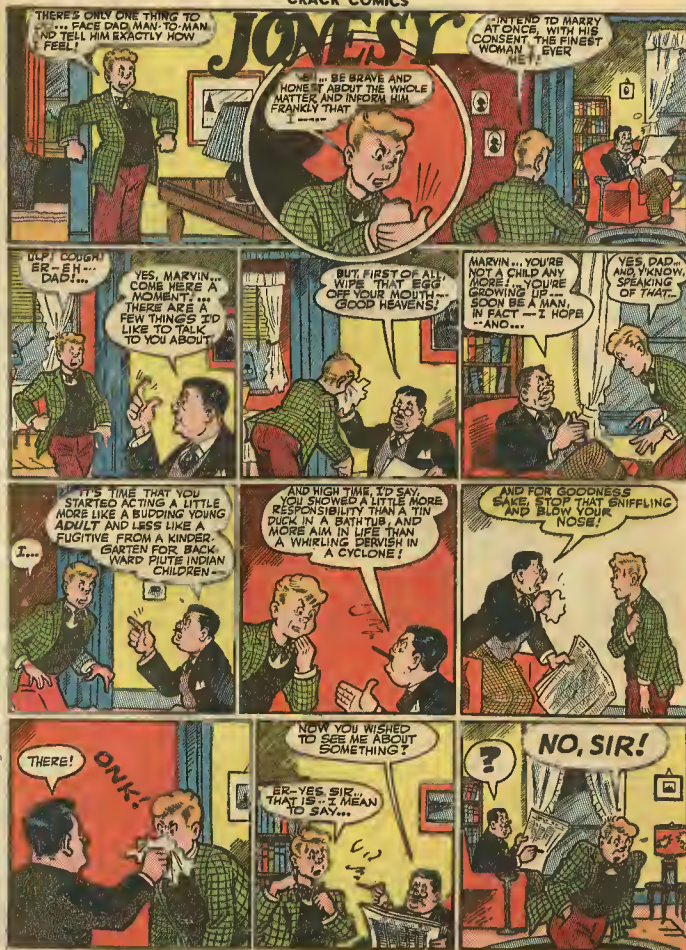


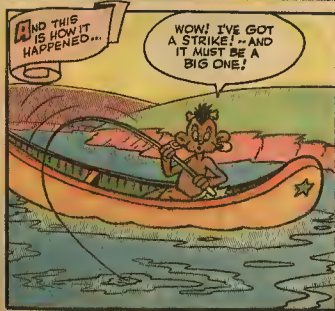
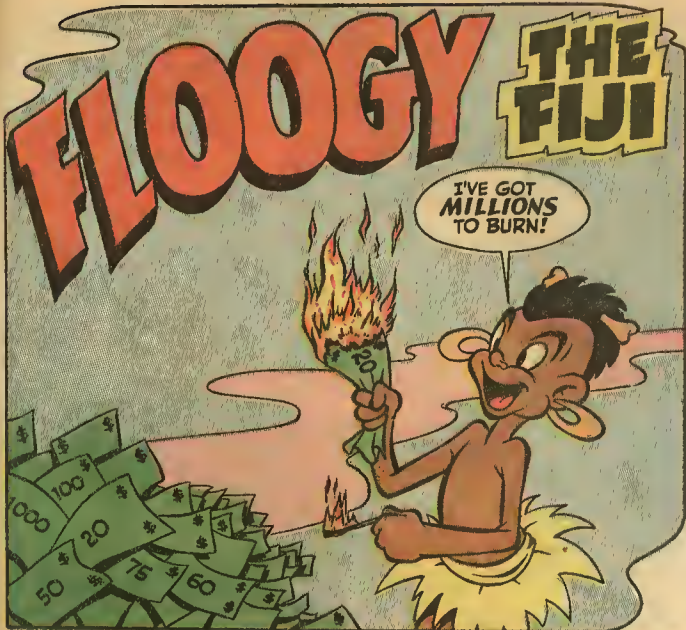


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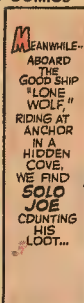
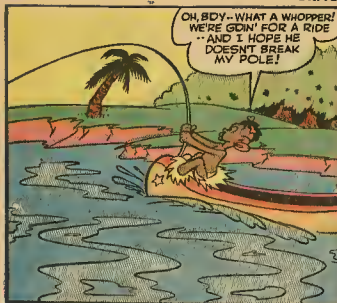
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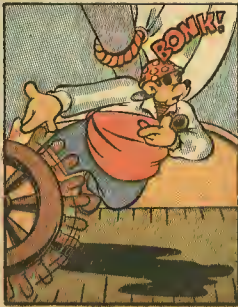
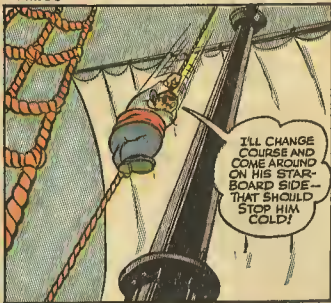




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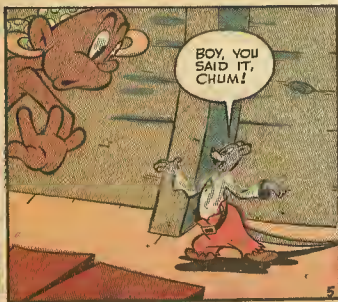
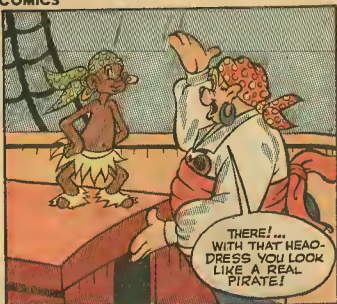
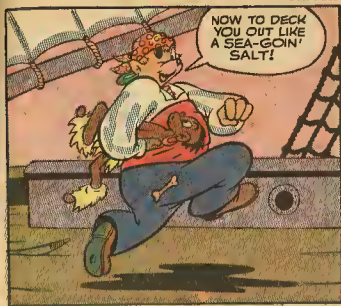


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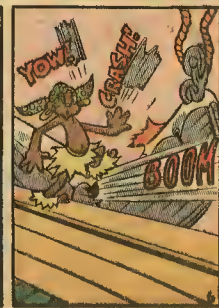




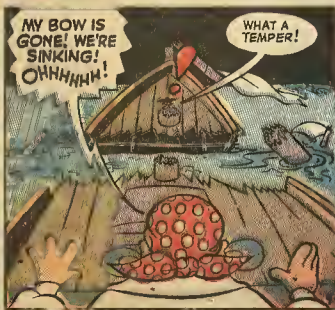
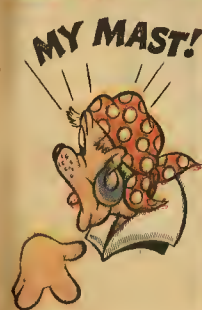
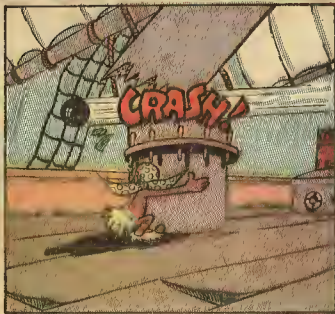
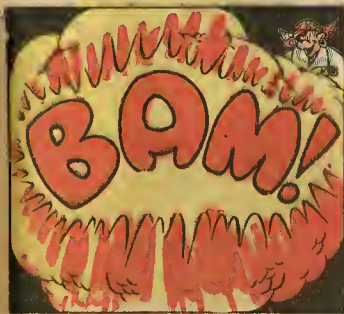
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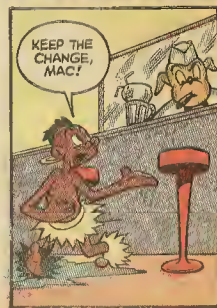
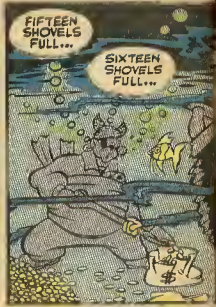
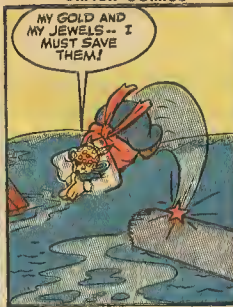


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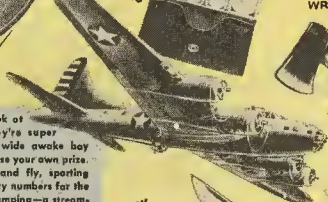
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